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A T H A M A L I A
A N
O R A T O R I O
F O R
S A C R E D D R A M A

As Perform'd at the
T H E A T R E in O X F O R D.

At the Time of the
P U B L I C K A C T,

In J U L Y, 1733.

The M U S I C K Compos'd by Mr. H A N D E L

The Drama by Mr. H U M P H R E T S. K

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields: And are to be had
at the T H E A T R E in Oxford. 1733.

A L I A H T N [Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

JOASH, *King of Judah.*

JOAD or JEHOIADA, *High-Priest.*

ABNER, *Captain of the Jewish Forces.*

MATHAN, *Priest of Baal, formerly a Jewish Priest.*

Chorus of Israelitish Priests and Levites.

Chorus of Sidonian Priests.

W O M E N.

ATHALIA, *Queen of Judah, Grandmother to Joash.*

JOSABETH, or JEHOSEBA, *Aunt of Joash, and Wife of Joad.*

Chorus of young Virgins of the Tribe of Levi.

The Drama by MR. HUMPHREYS.



ATHALIA



A T H A L I A.

O R A T O R I O:

FOR

S A C R E D D R A M A.

P A R T I S C E N E I.

S C E N E the T E M P L E.

JOSABETH, Israelites, and Chorus of young Virgins.

A I R.

Josab.



LOOMING Virgins, footless Train,
Great Jehovah claims your Lays;
Hail the Wonder-Flot his Reign,
Wake the Day-spring with his Praise.

CHORUS

The rising World Jehovah crown'd,
With bright Magnificence around;
He bang the rattles on his high throne
And pour'd the Sab'ban through the Sky.
He lent the flowers their odour
And breath'd the fragrance they bestow.

CHORUS

A 2

CHORUS The

ATHALIA.

*The Plains with verdant Charms array'd,
And beautify'd with Green the Glade.*

Grand CHORUS.

*O Mortals! if around us here,
So wondrous all his Works appear;
Ah think, with Awe, ye Sons of Men,
How wondrous is their Author then!*

A I R.

Josab. *Tyrants would, in impious Throngs,
Silence his Adorer's Songs;
But shall Salem's Lyre and Lute
At their proud Commands be mute?*

Grand CHORUS.

*Tyrants, ye in vain conspire!
Wake the Lute, and strike the Lyre!
Why should Salem's Lyre and Lute
At their proud Commands be mute?*

RECIT.

Priest. *When he is in his Wrath reveal'd,
Where will the Haughty lie conceal'd?*

A I R.

*When Storms the Proud to Terrors doom,
He forms the dark majestic Scene;
He rolls his Thunder through the Gloom,
And on the Whirlwind rides serene.*

CHORUS

ATHALIA

CHORUS.

O Judah! boast his matchless Love,
Pronounc'd with such tremendous Ave;
When Tempests his Approach proclaim'd,
And Sinai's trembling Mountain flam'd,
All Judah then his Terrors saw.

SCENE II.

Enter JOAD.

Joah. Your sacred Songs awhile forbear,
This Festival demands your Care;
And now no longer let your Stay
The due Solemnities delay.
O Judah! Judah! chosen Seed!
To what Distress art thou decreed!
How are thy sacred Feasts profan'd!
Thy Rites with vile Pollution stain'd!
Proud Athalia's impious Hand
Sheds Desolation thro' thy Land;
She bids unhallow'd Altars flame,
And proudly braves Jehovah's Name.

A. T. R.

O Lord, whom we adore,

Shall Judah rise no more?

Can this be thy Decree?

Hear from thy Mercy-seat,

The Groans thy Tribes repeat,

The Sighs they breathe to thee.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hear from thy Mercy-seat,
The Groans thy Tribes repeat,
The Sighs they breathe to thee! [Exeunt,

S C E N E III. The Palace.

ATHALIA and Attendants. To them ABNER,
MATHAN, and Chorus of Sidonian Priests.

Athal. What Scenes of Horror round me rise!
I shake, I faint with dire Surprise!
Is Sleep, that frees the Wretch from Woe,
To Majesty alone a Foe?
O Mathan! aid me to controul,
The wild Confusion of my Soul!

Math. Why shrinks that mighty Soul with Fear?
What Cares, what Danger can be near?

Athal. E'en now, as I was sunk in deep Repose,
My Mother's awful Form before me rose.
But, ah! she chill'd my Soul with Fear,
For thus she thunder'd in my Ear:
O Athalia! tremble at thy Fate!
For Judah's God pursues thee with his Hate,
And will with unrelenting Wrath this Day,
Set all his Terrors round thee in Array!

Chorus of Attendants and Sidonian Priests.

The Gods, who choose Blessings shed
On Majesty's anointed Head,
For thee their Cares will still employ,
And brighten all thy Years with Joy.

CHORUS

CHORUS RECIT.

ATHALIA

RECIT.

Athal. Her Form at this began to fade,
And seem'd dissolving into Shade;
In racking Starts I vainly press'd
To clasp her to my panting Breast:
She pale, from my Embrace withdrew,
And bleeding Limbs lay mangled in my View;
The horrid carnage Dogs contending tore,
And drank with dreadful Thirst the floating Gore.

Chorus of Attendants, &c.

*Chear her, O Baal, with a soft Serene,
And in thy Votary protect the Queen!*

RECIT.

Athal. Amidst these Horrors that my Soul dismay'd,
A Youth I saw, in shining Robes array'd,
Such as the Priests of Judah wear,
When they for solemn Rites prepare;
His lovely Form, and winning Smile,
Suspended all my Fears awhile;
But as the young Barbarian I caress'd,
He plung'd a Dagger deep within my Breast;
No Efforts could the Blow repel,
I shriek'd, I fainted, and I fell.

Math. Great Queen, be calm, these Fears I deem
The Birth of a delusive Dream.
Let Harmony breathe soft around,
For Sadness ceases at the Sound.

AIR

ATHALIA.

AIR.

One of the *Gentle Airs, melodious Strains,*
 Attendants. } *Call for Raptures out of Woe;*
Lull the royal Mourners Pains,
With your Anguish-easing Flow.

AIR.

Athal. *Softest Sounds no more can ease me,*
Heaven a Weight of Woe decrees me,
Horrors all my Hopes destroy;
Whilst such rising Torments grieve me,
Tuneful Strains can ne'er relieve me,
Vain is all the Voice of Joy.

RECIT.

Math. Swift to the Temple let us fly, to know
 What Mansion hides this youthful Foe.
Abner. [*Aside.*] I'll haste the Pontiff to prepare
 For this black Storm of wild Despair. [*Exit Abner.*]

CHORUS.

The Traitor, if you there descry,
O let him at the Altar die!

SCENE IV.

JOAD, JOSABETH, Chorus, and to them ABNER.

Joad. My *Josabeth*, the grateful Time appears,
 To bid dejected *Judah* end her Fears.
Jos. O tell the People, as I oft have crav'd,
 How I from Death the Royal Infant sav'd.

Abner.

Alas! Pillet of the living God, with whom
From all our Sins we are forgiven
With vengeful Haste the marches here,
To brave the God whom we revere:
She says this Pile conceals a youthful Foe,
Whose Fall she means shall end her jealous Woe.

Yos. O killing Shock of unexpected Pain!
O Innocence, my tender Care in vain!
Must I at last my cherisht Joys forego,
And drink, alas! this bitter Cup of Woe!

Faithful Care in vain extended,
Lovely Hopes for ever ended,
Beamy Dawn of Joy, farewell!
Gentle Death, at last relieve me,
For the cruel Woes that grieve me,

Thou alone canst now relieve me,
Thou alone canst now relieve me.

RECIT.
Alas! O cease, fair Princess, to indulge your Woe,
No Mortal to your Sor can prove a Foe.

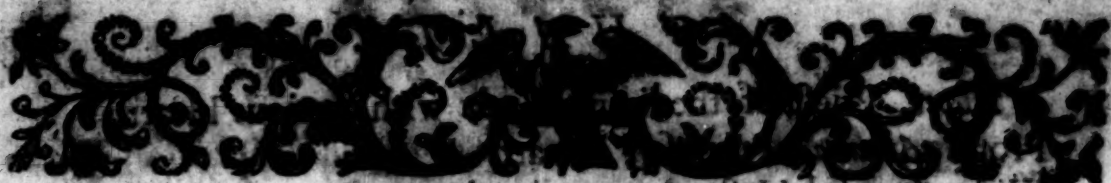
Joad. This Grief, O Josiah, degrades your Soul,
Can God no longer Josiah's Poes controul?
I trust he will his gracious Care employ,
To make us close this Festival with Joy.

Glory, Honour, and Praise be
All the Time of our Festival,
All the Time of our Festival,
And in this Festival we will
Halleluiah

RECEIT

B

PART



PART II SCENE I

SCENE THE TEMPLE

JOASH, JOAD, JOSABETH, ABNER, Priests, Levites,

and Chorus.

CHORUS of Priests and Levites.



HE mighty Power in whom we trust,
Is ever to his Promise just;
He makes this sacred Day appear
The Pledge of a propitious Year.

A I R.

Joad. He bids the circling Season shine,
Recalls the Olive and the Vine,
With blooming Plenty loads the Plain,
And crowns the Fields with golden Grain.

GRAND CHORUS

Give Glory to his awful Name,
Let ev'ry Voice his Praise proclaim.

A I R.

Josab. Through the Land so lovely blooming,
Nature, all her Charms assuming,
Wakes the Soul to cheerful Rites;
Verdant Scepter arms us with
Each delighted Sense, filling us
Softly crown the smiling Days.

RECIT.

ACT IV

RECIT.

Abner. Ah! were this Land free from Oppression, Good
Judas would be blest'd indeed!

Judas. O *Abner*! wert thou certain that the Sword
 Had not devour'd the Race by thee deplor'd;
 Did one dear Branch of that great Stem remain
 Would'st thou, O *Abner*, then his Cause maintain?

ANSW.

Abner. Ah canst thou but prove me?

To Vengeance I spring;

No Terrors shall move me

I'll fall for my King.

But whilst you relieve me

A while from my Pain,

I fear you deceive me

Wish false that are vain.

RECIT.

Judas. Thou dost the Accours that I with display
 Revisit me before the Close of Day
 See, see the proud impetuous Queen
 Approaches with a glaring Mien

SCENE II

Enter *ATHALIA*, *MATHAN*, and *Attendants*.

Athal. Confusion to my Thoughts! my Eyes have view'd
 My dreadful Vision in this Place renew'd;

Thro' all my Veins the chilling Horrors run. [Aside.

Say, *Josabeth*, is this fair Youth thy Son?

Josab. Tho' much he merits my fond Love, yet he
Is not indebted for his Birth to me.

Athal. Who is thy Father? Let his Name be known?

[To *Joash*.

Josab. He has no Father but kind Heaven alone.

Athal. Why so officious does thy Zeal appear?

I mean the Answer from his Lips to hear.

How art thou call'd? *Joash.* *Eliakim.* *Athal.* Unfold

Thy Father's Name. *Joash.* In me, alas, behold

An Orphan, cast on Providence, and ne'er

As yet acquainted who his Parents were.

Athal. Give me to understand whose tender Cares
Sustain'd and rear'd thee in thy Infant Years?

A I R.

Joash. Will God, whose Mercies ever flow,

Expose his Children's Touth to Woe?

The little Birds his Bounty taste;

All Nature with his Gifts is grac'd:

Each Day that I his Care implore,

He feeds me from his Altar's Store.

R E C I T.

Athal. 'Tis my Intention, lovely Youth, that you

A Scene more suited to your Worth shall view;

You to the Palace shall this Day repair,

And live consign'd to *Athalia*'s Care.

Joash. Shall I behold the God by whom I'm blest,

Profan'd by you, with Rites that I detest?

Athal.

ATHALIA

13

Athal. Princess, in Discipline you much excel, [To Josab.
Whate'er you dictate he remembers well:
But be assur'd that one revolving Hour,
Shall snatch your learned Pupil from your Power.

AIR

*My Vengeance awakes me,
Compassion forsakes me,
All Softness and Mercy away!
My Foes with Confusion,
Shall find their Illusion,
And tremble before me to-day.* [Exit *Athal.*

DUETT

Josab. My Spirits fail, I faint, I die,
The Grave shall hide my Head;
My Grief's too great to bear. *Joash.* Ah, why?
Is Hope for ever fled?

Josab. For thee, Sorrows rend me.

Joash. Kind Heaven will defend me.

Josab. Thy Ardours affect me.

Joash. He sure will protect me.

Both. Whate'er this Tyrant may decree,

O God, I place my Trust in thee!

SCENE III

Re-enter to them *JOASH* Chorus of young Virgins, and
Chorus of Priests and Levites.

Joash. Dear *Jasabeth*, I trembled whilst thy Word
Did in its first Emotions wildly flow;

But

But when at last thou didst the Pang controul,

My fading Joy rekindled in my Soul.

Cease thy Anguish, smile once more,

Let thy Tears no longer flow;

Judah's God, whom we adore,

Soon to Joy will change thy Woe.

Josab. All his Mercies I review,

Gladly, with a grateful Heart;

And I trust he will renew

Blessings he did once impart.

Both. Whate'er this Tyrant may decree,

Returning Joys we soon shall see.

RACIT.

Abner. Joad, ere Day has ended half its Race,
Again expect me in this sacred Place.

CHORUS of Young Virgins.

The clouded Scene begins to clear,

And Joys in soft Array appear.

CHORUS of Priests and Levites.

When Crimes aloud for Vengeance call,

The Guilty will be doom'd to fall.

III. GRAND CHORUS.

Rejoice, O Judah, in thy Gods

The Proud shall feel his Rod

Whilst Blessings, with a mild Decree,

His Mercy now prepares for thee.

PART

PART III. SCENE I.

JOAD, JOASH, JOSABETH, *Chorus of young Virgins,*
Priests and Levites.

JOAD.

WHAT sacred Horrors shake my Breast?
Ah, 'tis the Power divine confess'd,
Who can his Energy controul?
He comes, he comes, and fires my Soul!

CHORUS.
*Unfold, great Seer, what Heaven reveals,
And speak glad Tidings to our Hearts.*

*Joah, see Harmony breathe soft around,
And aid my Raptures with the Sound.*

CHORUS.

*Jerusalem, thou shalt no more
A Tyrant's cruel Reign deplore,
No longer with dejected Brow,
Shalt solitary sit, as now.*

SCENE

ACT II.

Her Fury soon shall cease to grieve thee,
 Desires Vengeance swiftly flies;
 Heaven it self will now relieve thee;
 See she falls, she bleeds, she dies.

CHORUS.

O shining Mercy, gracious Power,
 That aids us in the needful Hour!

RECIT.

Joad. to Joash.] Eliakim. Joash. My Father. Joad. Let
 me know,
 Should Heaven on thee a Diadem bestow,
 What Reign of Judah's Kings wouldst thou that Day
 Choose for the Model of thy future Sway?
Joash. Should God such Glory for my Lot ordain,
 Like righteous David I would wish to reign.
Joad. O Joash! O my King! thus low to thee,
 I pay the Homage of the bended Knee.
Joash. Is this Reality, or kind Deceit?
 Ah, can I see my Father at my Feet!
Josab. Ye sacred Bands who serve the God of Truth,
 Revere your Sovereign in that royal Youth.

CHORUS.

With firm united Hearts, we all
 Will conquer in his Cause, or fall.
 [Exeunt all but Josabeh.]

SCENE

ATHALIA

SCENE II.

JOSABETH, and to her MATHAN.

Math. O Princess! I approach thee to declare
How much thy Welfare is my Care.

Josab. What means, proud *Mathan*, thy Intrusion here?
Has Heaven no Vengeance for thy Crimes to fear?

Math. Fair *Josabeth*, tho' you insult me so,
Trust me, in *Mathan* you behold no Foe.

AIR.

Josab. Soothing Tyrant, falsely smiling,
Virtue's Foes I ne'er shall fear;
Flatt'ring Sounds, and Looks beguiling,
Lose their artful Meaning here.
Go, thou vain Deceiver, go,
Alike to me a Friend or Foe.

SCENE III.

Re-enter JOAD.

Joad. Apostate Priest! how canst thou dare
To violate this House of Prayer?

Math. *Joad*, I scorn thy proud insulting Mien,
Prepare to answer thy offended Queen.

SCENE IV.

ATHALIA, ABNER, and Chorus of Sidonian Priests.

Ab. O bold Seducer! art thou there?
Where is the Youth, inform me where?

Joad.

Joad. Ye Priests, the Youth before her bring,
Proud Woman, there, behold our King.

CHORUS.

Around let Acclamations ring;

Hail, royal Youth! long live the King!

Joad.

Re-viving Judah shall no more

Detested Images adore;

We'll purge with a reforming Hand

Idolatry from out the Land.

CHORUS.

May God, from whom all Mercies spring,

Bless the true Church, and save the King.

RECIT.

Ath. O Treason, Treason, impious Scene!

Abner, avenge thy injur'd Queen.

Joad. Great Chief, behold the Royal Joash there,
Preserv'd by Jofabeth's successful Care;
Thy dauntless Loyalty of Soul I know,
Thou canst not be to David's Race a Foe.

Abner. Does Heaven this Blessing then at last accord?
O royal Joash, O my Honour'd Lord.

A I R.

Oppression, no longer I dread thee;

Thy Terrors, proud Queen, I despise;

Thy Crimes to Confusion led thee;

And Judah triumphant shall rise.

Athal.

Athal. Where am I! Furies! wild Despair!
Where are my Guards, my Vassals, where!

Mathan, invoke thy God to shed
His Vengeance on each Rebel's Head.

Math. He hears no more, our Hopes are past,
The Hebrews' God prevails at last;
Alas! alas! my broken Vow!
His dreadful Hand is on me now.

A I R.

Hark, hark, his Thunders round me roll,
His angry awful Frowns I see;
His Arrows wound my trembling Soul.
Is no more Mercy left for me!
Ah no, he now denies to save!
Open, O Earth, and be my Grave!

R A P E R T.

Joad. Yes, proud Apostate, thou shalt fall,
Thy Crimes aloud for Vengeance call.

Athal. I see all Hopes, all Succours fail,
And Judah's God will now prevail.
I see my Death this Day decreed;
But, Traitors, I can dare to bleed.
Let Jezebel's great Soul my Bosom fill,
And ev'n in Death, proud Priests, I'll triumph still.

A I R.

To Darkness eternal,
And Horrors infernal,
Undaunted I'll hasten away.
O Tyrants, your Treason,
Shall in the due Season,
Weep Blood for this barbarous Day.

SCENE

SCENE the LAST.

JOASH, JOAD, JOSABETH, ABNER, and Chorus.

Joad. Now, Josabeth, thy Fears are o'er.

Josab. Bless'd be his Name whom we adore!

DUETT.

Joad.

Foys in gentle Trains appearing,

Heaven does to my Fair impart;

And to make them more endearing,

I shall share them with thy Heart.

Josab.

Softest Foys would but deceive me,

Hadst thou not thy happy Part;

O my dearest Lord, believe me,

Thou shalt share them with my Heart.

RECIT.

Abner. Rejoice, O Judah, this triumphant Day;
Let all the Goodness of our God display;
Whose Mercies to the wond'ring World declare,
His chosen People are his chosen Care.

GRAND CHORUS.

Give Glory to his awful Name,

Let ev'ry Voice his Praise proclaim.

Hallelujah.